

# Straylight Run, The Great Compromise

The music floats like smoke.  
Now it's here, now it's not.  
It's disintegrating, vanishing, replaced before it's gone.  
There's another band in line, and another one behind them.  
All with eager eyes.  
So desperate to be whatever you need.  
I want to point the finger, but never take a look at myself.  
I got where I am by giving up on who I was.  
There were things I needed.  
There were things I wanted to say.  
I would have to pay for the chance they gave me.  
Oh, the great compromise.  
Oh, the great compromise.  
Slithering thoughts from the corners of my mind,  
They turn inside out and they come alive.  
Hiding out inside having fights with my conscience.  
Am I working on progressing or working on a lie?  
The meaningless parade,  
The broke down cliché,  
Hysterical and sinking,  
Shouting and screaming  
"I thought that I was so much more!"  
"I thought that I could just save myself before the ship went down!"  
"I thought that I could leave it behind!"  
But I won't survive.  
I won't survive.  
I'm alright, but my hands always feel tied.  
I'm alright, but my hands always feel tied.  
The meaningless parade,  
The broke down cliché,  
Hysterical and sinking,  
Shouting and screaming  
"I thought that I was so much more!"  
"I thought that I could just save myself before the ship went down!"  
"I thought that I could leave it behind!"  
But I won't survive.  
I won't survive.  
I won't survive.  
(Slithering thoughts from the corners of my mind)  
I won't survive.  
(They turn inside out and they come alive)  
I won't survive.  
(Slithering thoughts from the corners of my mind)  
I won't survive.  
(They turn inside out and they come alive)  
I won't survive.  
(Slithering thoughts from the corners of my mind)  
I won't survive.  
(They turn inside out and they come alive)